

The BULLET

Vol. V.

FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA, MAY 27, 1932

No. 12.

Final Issue of Bullet Dedicated to Senior Class

Representatives to Council Elected

Elections, which have been of major importance for the last few weeks, were completed last week with the election of the Class Representatives to Student Council. The Sophomore Representatives elected were Frances Mays and Marie Krafft, the Junior Representatives, Jeannette Townsend and Esther Bernston, and the Senior Representatives, Madeline Jones and Sarah Daughtery.

The main duty of the class representatives to council is to cooperate with the officers in carrying out the business of the Association. With the election of these students to Student Council, it is felt that each will perform the duty that is placed upon her and uphold the standards set up by Student Council. The girls that were elected have been outstanding in the college in so far that they have participated in school activities and shown interest in them. Frances Mays is outstanding in athletics. She is considered as "one of the best Freshman Majors." Marie Krafft is now president of the Freshman class. Ever since her arrival she has made herself outstanding by her unusual school spirit and willingness to cooperate in school activities. Considering the Junior Representatives, it is found that Jeanette Townsend has been on the Bullet Staff for two years. Esther Bernston is a Home Ec. Major but is also interested and active in athletics.

Madeline Jones and Sarah Daughtery, the Senior Representatives are also well-known for their interest and active cooperation in school affairs. Madeline is now secretary of Y. W. C. A., and has also held other offices of importance. Sarah is now president of the Peanut Club and also

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Officers Installed for Council and Y. W.

One of the most impressive services of the college year was that of the installation of the new members of the student government association and the Y. W. C. A., which was held on Wednesday night at the weekly convocation hour. To the strains of "Follow the Gleam" the old and new members of both associations wended their way slowly into the auditorium, coming down the center aisle in double file. Each girl was dressed in white and the old members carried lighted candles, while the new members carried theirs unlighted. After they had all been seated in semicircle arrangement on the platform, Sarah Harris—president of student government gave a short speech of welcome to the new president, at the close of which Alice Belote, the president elect arose and lit her candle from that of Sarah's. Alice then gave a response to the speech of welcome, and the other officers were then installed, each time the new member lighting her candle from that of the old member's. The student government members installed were vice-president, secretary, treasurer, class representatives, house presidents and fire commander.

Following came the installation of the Y. W. C. A., officers and cabinet. Alice Belote, former Y. W. president, welcomed the new president, Nellie Mae Stewart who in turn lighted her candle and gave a short response. In like manner the following was then installed:

Freshman Commission..Alice Early
Vice-PresidentMarion Ellis
Secretary.....Betty Nelms
Treasurer.....Ellen Anderson
Committee Chairmen:
Campus Social Service..Isabel Page
Social Service..Lula Lee Llewellyn

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MR. DARTER
Sponsor of the Senior Class

Varied Program For Class Night

A week from tomorrow is the fourth of June! Does that mean anything to you besides the fact that school is nearly over? From the standpoint of the Senior it means plenty. It signifies four long, yet short, years of struggle. It reminds us that in just a few more days our College careers will be left behind, with nothing but pleasant memories to tell us of the good times we've had on the Hill. Still, aside from the tinge of sadness that is inevitably present, there is also a feeling of pride—for there IS lots to be proud of!

To begin the day the Senior Class will hold its final meeting, at their Class Breakfast, which will be given at "Grandma's."

At eleven o'clock the Class Day exercises will begin. Spectators will behold proud Sophomores, who are graduating, filing down the Hill, carrying the Daisy Chain which the Freshmen have so diligently struggled over. Then the Chain will be placed around the Open Air Theater, and the procedure of Class Day events will begin.

The Alumnae Association will give its annual banquet in Seacobeck Hall at six o'clock. Those who will attend are members of the Association, Seniors, and graduating Sophomores.

At eight o'clock that evening, the Dramatic Club will sponsor the presentation of

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Seniors Analyzed By Classmates

Seniors—there's something grand about being a Senior—there's something charming, some feeling of importance that one can't get in anything else. As a Freshman, they were idealized—as a Sophomore, popularized—as a Junior, glorified—as a Senior, realized. Perhaps it would be profitable to dissect our Seniors and see wherein their magic power lies.

Do you remember how sedate, dignified and learned they looked the first time they wore the caps and gowns at Convocation? Didn't you say it yourself—"Just wait 'til I can wear one." But—we soon found out that Seniors weren't all dignity and solemnity—for when the Devil-Goat Brawl took place—who were in the midst of the fray—fighting, yelling, and enjoying themselves thoroughly? Talk about school spirit, Senior spirit—they had it. From the outcome they must have had the Devil spirit, too. Then they showed they could be mysterious and dramatic, and very well, too. Proof—their benefit "Yellow Shadow." Haven't they given the school the Student Body president, Editor-In-Chief of the Battlefield, Editor-In-Chief of the Bullet, A. A. President, Alpha Phi Sigma, English Club, and any number of others—they have certainly been fine big sisters, and filled a vital place in our school life. Credit is due to Mary Kilmon, President, for her skillful piloting. Perhaps, the Seniors are most envied in having Mr. Darter as their sponsor. That popular faculty member will be mobbed, we're thinking on the last day of school. (Note, please Mrs. Darter). They certainly are proud and justly so, in having him.

The BULLET

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"GOODBYE"

"Goodbye" is not such a large word after all, but it's mighty hard to say. And by that we mean really say in its true sense of meaning—"Farewell." Perhaps, there has been a time or times in your life when you've actually enjoyed telling someone, be it "he" or "she," goodbye, but we wager that in the large majority of cases you have hated to go through the process.

Of course, just bidding someone adieu until the next day, or the next week, or even the next month, is not so bad, but when it is months and months or maybe years, or maybe forever, then it's a different story. That last sound rather peculiar but haven't you ever had the feeling that you were telling someone goodbye, perhaps never to see them again? If you haven't—well, then just wait 'til you're a Senior in college and the time draws nigh for parting. Then the fact will dawn on you that when you tell some friends goodbye, that you may never see them again!

And so that is the task that is about to confront the class of '32. Some of us feel now, that we'll be glad when it is all over! At least that's what we say around the campus, but just wait 'til the last day comes! If there's a dry eye, it will be the first one, and the class will have a new reputation. Year after year classes have sat through the graduation exercises with tears trickling down. The harder you try to stop them, the more they come. Why is it anyhow? Just stop and think about it and you'll realize it is because you're about to say goodbye to teachers whom you have learned to appreciate, classmates whom you have enjoyed working with, and friends—the kind you feel you'll never find again! And after four years there are bound to be associations, experiences, surroundings that mean something and when June 6 rolls around it will be "farewell" to all these. Not that we're going to "kick the bucket" but at the same time we'd rather not say that last "goodbye."

VOTE OF THANKS

The new Bullet staff is truly grateful to the old staff for the start they've given them in this task of publication. We realize the significance of our offices and know that we've a long hard road ahead, but with the help they've given us and the fine standards set for us we're hoping for a highly successful publication year for 1933.

: POETRY :

GRADUATION

ROSES perfuming the lilt
breeze;
White dresses flitting cross
emerald grass;
Laughter, gay and delicious,
bubbling to the lips of all
the girls Unskated.
Memories, like soft petals of
sadness,
Throbbing within a hundred
tremulous hearts;
Talk of re-unions, and (per-
haps) returning.
Eyes feasting upon each
cherished spot.
Campus wearing flowers in
her green dress;
Alma Mater, taking leave of
her daughters
And smiling through tear-
filled eyes.

COMMENCING

HOW can I get packed
And do the things
I've got to do,
There's Doris —
Wants me to go to town with
her
To get a dress.
And Eula
Tells me I promised
To help her
With a term paper.
(I didn't ! !
And anyway
What does she leave her term
papers 'til the last min-
ute I'd like to know.)
My family are coming up
And I haven't found a place
for them to stay.
I've got a fifteen-minute talk
to make.
And no idea what I'm going
to talk about.
There's Helen's tennis racket
I forgot to give it back to her
And Mittie's golf balls
(What's left of them!)
And - - -
HOLY SMOKE ! ! ! !
It's ten after ten
And I was due at the open
air theater
At ten ! ! !

Representatives to Council Elected

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a member of the Leaders
Club. With this group of
girls to cooperate with the
other officers, it is felt that
the next year for Student
Council will be a successful
one.



AROUND AND ABOUT

By TILLEY

Now, why didn't she wash that laundry?" Addie Campbell and both room-mates were carefully examining the contents of her bag of clothes which had been returned in the same condition that they were sent - - unwashed.

"Maybe the spread isn't in," one suggested. But it was. So was everything else in good order. Even the laundry slip was correctly made out. But there must be a reason.

Finally all was discovered. Addie will make an ideal absent-minded professor. She had carefully placed all her laundry in the pillow case instead of the laundry bag. Then, to cap the climax, she put the bag into the pillow slip, and carried it off.

Note: Addie is having her washing done at home this week.

The class was engaged in a fascinating discussion of things to eat. Every passing second saw new thing added to the list of hunger-provoking thoughts. After the more familiar articles of diet had been discussed, the field of conversation widened to include the strange and unusual, but nevertheless enjoyable, things to eat.

"Did you ever eat 'nigger feet'?" asked Stella Scricco. That rather capped the list. Not only had we not eaten 'nigger feet'; we had no idea what Scric was talking about. Stella knew, however, and she was even willing to describe them.

"They're those sort of long nuts," she explained.

With one accord the laughing class whooped, "Not 'nigger feet'! She means 'nigger-toes'!"

Then from the back of the room came the final touch. "She means, 'reproved the agent of culture, 'I'm sure she means to say 'butter-nuts'."

Pete, pointing to picture of zebra: What is this?

Pupil: A horse in a bathing suit.



It is with great pleasure that The Bullet Staff
dedicates this last issue of the
Bullet to the Senior
Class of 1932

They Came---They Saw---They Conquered

Once upon a time—long, long ago, to be exact—four years ago (that is in the year 1928) one hundred and eighty-five “greenies” arrived at STC one lovely September morn. They came from all parts of the countryside; north, south, east and west. And were they green? But we will say they were no different than Freshies before them, Freshies after them, and Freshies who are still to come. There will always be that feeling of “scaredness”, wondering where to go and what to do next? So that 185 banded together and decided to call themselves a “class” and start out from the bottom of the ladder! They were told soon after their arrival that they were to be called “goats” and that their opposing forces were the “devils.” Well, they didn’t know what it was all about, but it sounded exciting so “goats” they became and “goats” they have remained! But back to the original story. After they had banded together in a class, the best alternative seemed to be to select a few to act as leaders, and let them figure out things, since the whole 185 couldn’t. So Nancy Harding was chosen president, Ethel Ellerton, vice-president, and Ellen Keister secretary-treasurer. They were then told they needed a faculty advisor and though they weren’t very well acquainted with “these” yet, they selected Miss Carrie Smith as their sponsor, and a very wise choice it proved.

Somehow, the year seemed to slip by. At first there were several severe attacks of what is commonly known as “homesickness” but they must have recovered ‘cause we never did hear of any casualties. And so we repeat, the year slipped by and we’re sorry we can’t tell you about a benefit they gave, ‘cause they didn’t even have one. It just wasn’t necessary. Imagine it? The depression hadn’t been heard of then! At present there seem to be no particularly outstanding events that might be mentioned excepting the “daisy chain” and was that an event? One never to be forgotten and may we pause at this point to extend our deepest sympathy to the present “Freshies.”? They’ll understand later. But even though work went on all night long, and though hands were encrusted with ugly stains, it was with a definite feeling of pride that that gorgeous chain of daisy heads was handed over to the waiting Sophomores. “Oh, to be a Sophomore,” was the thought in every little Freshie head, but next year was coming—and then!

Next thing they knew they were Sophomores and another September had rolled away! The feeling of “scaredness” was gone this time and there was a certain thrill at knowing just where you were going and why. Leaders selected for this year’s adventure were Emily Ailsworth, president; Richie McAtee, vice-president, Grace McKenzie, secretary, and Sarah Harris, treasurer. And they took their advice from Miss Enders. (She was Miss Enders then, so we’ll let it stand).

Probably the most outstanding event in Sophomore history was their benefit. (There must have been a slight suggestion of the coming depression). Remember “Behind the Veil”? It was everything it was cracked up to be, and the “proceeds” were very encouraging (Oh, for some of that spirit now). Another thing to be remembered was the “kid” party given to the Seniors. A rip roaring kiddish time was had by all.

Finally, the daisies began to poke their heads out of the ground, and did the “Sophs” get a kick out of seeing the “Freshies” drag in bushel after bushel of daisies? But the greatest thrill of all was carrying that chain, and it’s a memory that will always cling! And with this memory another year ended.

Was it possible? Were those 185 “greenies” Juniors? Yes, and no. (Not Dr. Altstetter speaking). By that statement we mean that the Junior stage had been reached but not by the entire 185. The number had depleted sadly! Over half had considered two years of training sufficient and had started out in the world to join the army of the employed. But though the number had decreased the spirit was still there, and with Sally Barger on for president; Alice Archibald, vice-president; Elizabeth Davis, secretary, and Rosalind Decker, treasurer, and the helpful hand of Mary Phoebe again, we sailed forth in the sea of “Juniorism.”

Important events? We just must mention the “Goat Jamboree.” Old brothers Barnum and Bailey couldn’t even compete with that circus! There were animals such as have never been seen before, and will never be seen again. Surely you haven’t forgotten Jo-Jo, the dog-face boy? We can’t begin to recall them all to mind, but we know you haven’t forgotten. “The Darktown Struttes” gave strong competition, but the “Goat’s Jamboree” held its own! Still more important tho, and this is really important, came the launching of the first Junior-Senior Prom ever given in the history of the college! And were the big goats proud of being the “copyright owners” of this custom? And this year has made them happier over the fact, because they have been guests this year at a Prom that was the last word! But hurrying on to the closing chapter of our story. And what a glorious Finis! It seems hard to believe that four milestones have passed. How well we remember those 185 “greenies” who sat in back of chapel and craned their necks to get a glimpse of those cap and gowned dignitaries that walked down the aisle and sat on the very front row. Those “Freshies” could only dream of the day when they’d do likewise! And lo that dream came true! They know now how it feels to dress up in black array; they know the thrill of walking down the aisle; and whether they like it or not, they’ve had the experience of adorning the front rows! Leaders this year have been Mary Kilmon, president, Stella Scricco, vice-president, Inez Fell, secretary and Ruth Myers, treasurer. Mr. Darter has been the kind advisor and the gratitude that the class feels toward him cannot be expressed. This year contributed its benefit too, in the form of a play that literally made your hair stand on ends—“Yellow Shadows”! Can’t you still hear those blood curdling yells?

Best of all has been the thrill of being the “entertained” instead of the “entertainers.” We’ve already mentioned the Prom, and we couldn’t begin to tell you what an affair it was! It was just too lovely for words and will always remain among those memories termed most pleasant.

The Sophomores too, entertained their big sisters most royally! What’s more fun than a supper hike? Take it from me—every minute proved enjoyable! Perhaps, the last social get-together, of what’s left of that 185, will be the Senior Breakfast. On this occasion they will gather at one of the tea shoppes down town and have a breakfast fit for a king or should we say—a Senior? It should be a jolly affair but we have an idea that maybe there will be a certain tinge of sadness.

Never again will this little group meet altogether socially! Friendships that have lasted through four years will soon be severed, or rather parted. But let’s save the tears for later. Just wait til those “sheepskins” have all been handed out, and “goodbyes” are being said! Then you’ll see the tears. And with those tears ends the story of 185 little “greenies.”

And what more could be said of them than, “they came, they saw, they conquered!”

: Among Our Caps and Gowns :

SARA HARRIS



President of Student Government

GLADYS TILLEY



Vice-Pres. of Student Government

MARGARET KIRKPATRICK



Secretary of Student Government

HELEN RICE



Treasurer of Student Government

MARY CLEMENTS



Editor-in-Chief of the Battlefield

MIRIAM BODINE



Editor-in-Chief of The Bullet

MARGARET LODGE



President of A. A.

ALICE ARCHIBALD



Advisor to Freshman Commission

MARY KILMON



President Senior Class

STELLA SCRICCO



Vice-President Senior Class

INEZ FELL



Secretary Senior Class

RUTH MYERS



Treasurer Senior Class

MARY KATHYRN SHULTZ



Senior Representative to Student Government

ELIZABETH DAVIS



Senior Representative to Student Government

THELMA WALKER



President Alpha Phi Sigma

ROSALIND DECKER



President English Club

ELIZABETH BARNETT



President Dramatic Club

RUTH CARNEAL



House President Frances Willard

Something To Remember Them By

Alice Archibald: Perfectly groomed and poised.

Maude Andrews: Have you seen Thelma?

Thelma Andrews: Where's Maude?

Beth Barnett: Dramatic activities, witty remarks.

Lillian Beazley: Knowledge of the Sciences.

Miriam Bodine: Bullet; the ideal friend.

Louise Boswell: Sunny disposition; the owner of "the" car.

Pete Carmean: That laugh; Gillyloo birds.

Mary Clements: May Day 31 and 32, Judson Smith; "don't forget your dime."

Ruth Carneal: Frances Willard House Mother. The A student in Modern History.

Evelyn Cline: May Day; 1931.

Carolyn Davis: Ever willing to help. Good dancer.

Elizabeth Davis: Representative on Council.

Rosalind Decker: Artistic talent; Dr. Shankle's right-hand man in English club.

Elizabeth King—Those A's. Little Bit.

Margaret Kirkpatrick: Commercial Club; Council bulletins; "that million dollar smile."

Mary Lodge: Athletics; dancing; Sara Harris.

Elsie McGowan: Pink Community dress; timid.

Frances Helen Miller: Peanut, Home Ec.

Lucy Mister: STC's songbird; Randolph-Macon.

Erma Morrison: Patient sufferer in English.

Inez Fell: Lovely voice; commercial ability.

Elsie Goodloe: Town Girl; smarty in history.

Sara Harris: STC's ideal girl; "Student Body meeting tonight"; "Council immediately afterward." Marge Lodge.

Elizabeth Harrow: Room-mate to a House President; friendly nature.

Marie Heflin: Town Girl; History.

Mary Kilmon: Senior Class meeting; dancing.

Carolease Pollard: Richmond bound.

Mary Van Rawlings: Quiet and helpful.

Helen Rice: May Queen. Student Council's Secretary of the Treasury.

Esther Rowe: Kind; friendly.

PRUNELLA

Among the many prominent guests returning to the campus once more, and those visiting the hill for the first time we find the name of "Prunella".

Looking further we see that this young lady will arrive Saturday night, June 4. She has quite a company with her.

Just as in the olden days when the travelling minstrels came into the homes and presented plays, so will "Prunella" come to S. T. C. to entertain the students and visitors, bringing with her a cast that truly rivals the best.

The Open Air Theater with its beautiful natural setting will serve as a playground for this happy troupe, and with the aid of (we hope) Mr. Moon, it should be a perfect night.

The cast for the play in order of their appearance are:
First Gardener Ester Bernston
Second Gardener Grace Denny
Third Gardener Ida Mills
Boy Stuart Bryant
Prunella Anna Bradney
Prim Josephine Griffith
Prude Annie Wood Taylor
Privacy Alma Murchison
Queer Dottie Parker
Quant Mary Schaffer
Peitrot Joan Brickhouse
Scammel Dorothy Knott
The Mimmers:

Callow Polly Daniel
Tawdry Betty Griffith
Hawk Verna Batten
Doll Margaret Kirkpatrick
Coquette Emily Lindsey
Kennel Helene Wallace
Romp Ewina Heely
Mouth Edith Mitman

In this day and age it is hard to believe that one could live so sheltered, from Love and Life, that they knew

Stella Scricco: Cooperation itself; week-ends.

Mary Katie Shultz: "Goof"! "Witty"! Only one of its kind.

Elizabeth Smith: Uke's close harmony; long lanky gal from the South.

Thelma Stevens: Helpful.

Gladys Tilley: Student Council; STC's Walter Winchell: "Know any news?"

Thelma Walker: The smartest one! Taming of the Shrew.

Ella Wheat: Typing; always friendly.

Lynda Chilton: "On to Berryville."

Ruth Myers: Precious things come in small packages.

Sue Hickerson: "Sweet Sue." Training school problems.

JUNIOR-SENIOR PROM

Soft light and sweet music - - - No, I'm not going to write the words to the popular song by that name! It's just the phrase that describes in part, the Junior-Senior Prom. But to add to the romance of the setting there were tall purple iris and pale pink mountain laurel.

The occasion was most thrilling to those who attended the Prom! Each Junior "gentleman" called for his "girl" and escorted her to the dance in an elegant manner. Strange as it may seem the "gentlemen" were dressed in lovely pastel chiffons, organdies, and crepes as were their ladies. In fact, the lovely corsages which the "girls" wore made about the only difference in their appearances.

Martha Moore, president of the Junior class, gave her "bid to Mrs. Bushnell; Mary Kilmon, Senior president, went with Marie Finney; Sara Harris, president of the student body, was escorted by Myrtle Elliott; Prissy Belote, next year's president, took Lucy Mister; Mr. Darter Senior sponsor, was with Mrs. Darter; and Miss Weisner, sponsor for the Juniors invited Miss Waterman, the figure with which the Prom began, was especially pretty in effect. To the strain of Anchors Aweigh" the couples promanaded gracefully around the floor and ended with the formation of the letter S. At twelve-thirty the music, which was furnished by the "Little Five Orchestra", stopped and with the forming of the Junior Friendship circle around the Seniors and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" the "Prom was ended - - but the memory lingers on".

nothing of the world outside, —yet that is Prunella's Delimena - those of you who like tender romances will delight in this rendition, Prunella's expecting your presence at her home. Will you be there?

Miss McMurthy: "Here's a silver franc from Paris."

Phyllis Currie: "Do you happen to have any of those Latin quarters I've read so much about?"

Commencement Exercises

Speakers for Baccalaureate Sermon and Commencement Exercises have been chosen by the committee in charge of the Commencement. The Rev. Robert F. Caverlee will preach the Baccalaureate Sermon. This service will be on Sunday June 5 at eleven o'clock. The Commencement Address will be delivered by Hon. John W. Flannigan on Monday morning June 6, at eleven o'clock. Both services will be held in the Open Air Theatre.

Dr. Caverlee is president of West Virginia Baptist State Convention at Logan, West Virginia. He is highly known and recognized as a good speaker. The Hon. John W. Flannigan is a member of the United States Congress, Ninth Virginia District. The college feels very fortunate in being able to secure him to deliver the Commencement Address.

Dean M. L. Alstetter will present the candidates for the Normal Professional Certificates and Bachelor of Science Degrees, and President M. L. Combs in turn, will deliver the diplomas to the graduates.

On Sunday evening at five o'clock the Y. W. C. A. will hold its final Vesper Service. This service will also be held in the open air theatre.

Officers Installed

(Continued from Page One)

World Fellowship... Madeline Jones
Music..... Isabel Walker
Vespers..... Virginia Thomas
Publicity..... Mamie Basler
Finance..... Miriam Watkins
Librarian..... Elizabeth Abbit
Reporter..... Mae Thomason
Town Girl Rep. ... Beth Alstetter

Varied Program

(Continued from Page One)

the play, "Prunella," in the Open Air Theatre.

Following the play there will be a dance in the Gym for the Alumnae, Seniors, and Sophomores.

Thus ends a resume of the events that will take place on Class Day, in case you lose your program.

Ava: Which of Harrison Christian songs did you like best?

Izzy Page: The one about, "What a boy, where are you hiding?"



May Day this year proved to be one of the loveliest festivities of its kind ever held at the college.

Reading from left to right: Herald—Ruth Ann Reynolds. Maids—Beth Altstetter, Beth Noblett, Margaret Lodge, Mary Ann West, Miriam Watkins, Miriam Bodine, Evelyn Cline, Alice Hastings, Mary Kilmon. Maid of Honor—Mary Clements. Queen—Helen Rice. Train Bearers—Elizabeth Yates and Frances Otey. Ring Bearer—Dorothy Towles Rowe. Maids—Dorothy Morgan, Lucy Mister, Alice Belote, Alice Archibald, Patty Ann Young, Elvira Taylor, Wicker Dunlap, Martha Du Buse, Stella Scicco. Herald—Jane Srocinski. Front left to right: Flower girls—Martha Moore and Maxine Garrison.

WHO WILL WIN THE CUP?

In a contest of any kind, speculation and interest run high. Who will be the winner? Every year about this time, we hear little groups discussing the same thing - wonder who will get it. They are referring to the Kiwanis cup, given annually to the girl, generally the Senior, who has contributed most splendidly and unselfishly to the life of her Alma Mater. Each of us has a right to her own opinion, as to who deserves that award. Each of us have various ideas concerning the standards for judging - There are quite a few services rendered at this school that go unnoticed. So, who are we to judge? It will be a hard task to determine, and we don't envy the faculty that responsibility at all. Looking at the class we find quite a few outstanding members - Some in athletic journalistic lines, or student government. Anyway, it's the highest honor that can come to a college student.

ALPHI PHI SIGMA

Yes, thank you, we had a fine time; we ate til we nearly popped, then came home "singing in the rain."

If you could have seen all the members of Alpha Phi Sigma, scrambling all over the place, as if they'd lost a penny or something, last Tuesday night, you'd have probably thought that the school had turned out for an Easter egg hunt in the middle of May. There were arrows with Alpha Phi Sigma all over the campus and signs that saying "Down the Hill to the laundry to find the treasure, at which directions, all of us would scoot down there, when we arrived other signs would send us right back where we came from. At the end of a long jaunt, the smell of hot-dogs and "pigs in the blankets" assailed our noses, and over we dashed to find that some kind-hearted member had a weenie roast for the hungry treasure seekers. Thy had with them a famous French hot-dog cooker, (see footnote) from Fredericksburg who excelled in that art. All of a sudden, a yell from the bushes and Beth Altstetter came in dragging a huge 3" x 5" cedar chest filled with the gold treasures. Lucky gal!!

Then the fun began—informal initiation. First Josephine Griffith gave a vocal selection to which Marie Krafft, Frances Mays and Dot Knott danced. Then followed a swimming match staged by several of the initiates, and both last and least a scene from Romeo and Juliet acted so superbly well by Lorna Drowne and Polly Daniel that I'm sure that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will give them a ten-year contract.

At the end of the initiation Thelma Walker, the outgoing president gave us a hearty welcome to the fraternity, and then turned the chain over to Mittie Turner, the president-elect. Congratulations for your fine work, Thelma; Congratulations for being elected to so honorable a position in the college.

Footnote: Michael Louis Altstetter.

Y. W. NOTES

In this the final report from the Y. W. C. A. for this year, we wish to mention particularly the Seniors who have served so faithfully on Y. W. Cabinet. These girls are Alice Archibald, chairman of Freshman Commission, Miriam Bodine, chairman of social service, Elsie Goodloe, Town Girl Representative. All of the Y. W. girls will miss you, and wish for you all the success possible what ever may be your task. Congratulations on your achievements.

The Devotional Services of Y. W. are unusually enjoyable at the present time But how could they be otherwise, since they are held on the front of Monroe Hall. The beauty of the campus lends color, the massive columns strength, and here vespers are really vespers. There is felt the real spirit of evens-tide. Even the birds join in the service. Is it not a privilege to be present?

A. A. NEWS

With the election of the new A. A. officers, the major organizations the Hill are ready to start a "clean" page in college history.

The officers for next years athletic association are:
President.....Virginia Carmichael

Vice-President..Alice Early
Secretary.....Izzy Page
Treasurer....Betty Griffith

We wish these new officers a successful term of office, and we're looking for a bigger and better A. A. As a final fling to this year's activities the entire A. A. group went on a supper hike Monday May 23rd. The usual picnic fare prevailed, and after these husky, outdoor maidens had eaten their fill, the food was "slightly missing." All in all we had a fine time and it is with sincere regret that we say - - - "Goodbye, til next year.

BATTLEFIELD STAFF

Joan Brickhouse, editor-elect of the Battlefield, announces her staff for the year, '32-33.

Editor-in-Chief...Joan Brickhouse
Assistant Editor, Mary Virginia Wilson
Asst. Editor..Mary Virginia Wilson
Literary Editor...Alma Murchison
Assistant.....Rita Ferrell
Associate Art Editors,

1.-Sarah Overby
2.-To be elected next year.
Organization Manager..Jo Griffith

Business Staff

Business Mgr.Julia Lee Boston
Asst. Bus. Mgr.Virginia Thomas
Advertising Mgr.Samuel Dubose
This completes the staff with the exception of the election of the athletic editor who will be elected next year.

BULLET STAFF

After much consideration and careful thought the Bulletin is finally ready to acknowledge its staff for the 1932-33 session.

Editor-in-Chief....Alma Murchison
Asst. Editor.....Dorothy Parker
News Editor.....Anne Bryant
Feature Editors,

Marguerite Ferrell
Mamie Basler
Literary Editor Sarah Overby
Columnist Polly Daniel
Chief Reporter....Beth Altstetter
Joke Editor Edwina Heely
Exchange Editor Betty Nelms

Business Staff

Business Manager Mae Berson
Advertising Manager ..Dorothy Morgan
Advertising Mgr.Dorothy Morgan
Circulation Mgr. ... Ruth Reynolds
Assistants: To be elected from the Freshman Class.

"Statistics Prove that

On the Hill the Best
Groomed Girls

Buy Their Cosmetics Here"

BOND'S DRUG STORE

Main and Commerce

: JOKES :

Kirk: Is Margie Lodge a suicide blonde?

Martha: What do you mean?

Kirk: Dyed by her own hands.

College is largely a matter of give and take. Give money and take examinations.

Alice A.: Do you know what A. D. on the corner stone of a building stands for?

Mary C.: Yes, it means, "all done".

Mary Van Rawling was driving out in the country one day, and she saw the sign "Drive slowly" - - This means you!" - - "My word," she exclaimed, "how did they know I was coming?"

Ella Wheat. Do you think I'll ever be able to do anything with my voice?

Lynda C. Oh, it might come in handy in case of fire.

Ruth Myers. Whatcha doing Scotty?

Catherine S. Oh, shut up. I'm adding figures and everytime I see you I add zero.

Maude Andrews: "What do you recommend for bald head?

Thelma: "Hair".

Thelma Walker wants to know if you call snoring sheet music?

Sarah Harris: We won't have a test today will we, Miss Tanner?

Miss Tanner: Of course, we will, why ask?
Sarah: Well, you said, we'd have a test whether rain or shine and it's snowing.

JULIAN J. GARNER

Wholesale Groceries

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Repairing

1004 MAIN ST. PHONE 152

FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA

Mary Kilmon: Mr. Hamlet gave me zero on my test.
Pete C.: That's nothing.
Mary K.: What's nothing?
Pete C.: Zero.

Helen Rice: Go bring me a hot dog.

Scrie: With pleasure.

Helen: No, with mustard.

Barber: Is there any particular way you'd like your hair cut?

Delna O.: Yeah! Off - - -

Bodie: The strongest men in the world are out west.

Sammy: Why, how's that?

Bodie: Don't they hold up trains out there?

Mary Katie: Did you take a bath?

Lucy Mister: No, is there one missing?

Caroline Davis: Would you wear a rented suit?

Margie Lodge: That depends on where the rent was.

Prof: Who was so rude as to laugh out loud?

Elsie McGowen: I laughed up my sleeve but there's a hole in the elbow.

Shay B.: Wicker Dunlap is wondering in her head.

Annie Wood: That's all right, she can't go far.

VISIT
PITTS COLONIAL THEATRE
FREDERICKSBURG'S
MODERN MOVIE

Then after the show the place to go
The Colonial Confectionery
For Seasonal Refreshments

Edith Mitman: What do they do in a war when a marine is killed?

Evelyn Kline: Put a submarine in his place.

Lucy Will: Why is the fourth of July like an oyster stew?

Smitty: It wouldn't be much without the cracker.

A SENIOR'S LAST
REQUEST

(Tune to Save your Last Dance for Me)

Save the last "A," that's adequate.

Thrill me once ere I graduate.

I've been watching twelve years this way - -

Just to regard a card with an "A".

Just an "A" and no more than this.

Just an "A" and you will never miss.

You keep on serving "A's" to the deserving.

But save your last "A" for me.

ULMAN'S
LIFETIME JEWELRY
and
REPAIRING

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SAVE WITH SAFETY AT

Your Two
REXALL DRUG STORES

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M. M. LEWIS

JUDSON SMITH

Main Street

Fredericksburg, - - Virginia

Official Photographer

... for the ...

1932 "Battlefield"